UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1149.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

A year since I love once then,
Another one we meet.
And a new pain of pensive,
Each treats with flying feet.
We have forgot each other,
We live and think apart.
And I, for one, would never
Recall the olden heart
The crown yet are flowing
In parted grief alone,
But they have ceased to murmur.
And hushed their plaintive tone.
There is a void of evening
That sinks before the same,
That comes with starlight sweet,
And passes by as same.

A year has fired my spirit.
And I have learned to think
The sorrows of life are dearest.
And sweetest when we drink
We might have loved and trusted,
But what affection dies
Is silent and forgetting
The lessons where it lies

Original Tales.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE BASHAW OF BUDA.

Founded on Fact.

CONTINUED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY FORSTMANN

BY DR. H. SCHOLL.

CHAPTER IX.

No one at La Sarras had the least idea of the affection which had sprung up between Helen and Caggy, still less that in the short space of two weeks no engagement should have been entered into for life. Their conduct when together was the same on the day of departure as when they first met, and unite a command had they ever their feelings. Oliver himself had not the slightest suspicion of what was passing, but as Helen was now under his guardianship towards him after the departure of his friend, he fancied that this change was owing to the springing up of an affection for him. He was not aware that the object in being often in his society was not only from his friendship to Caggy, but that she could hear him converse about him.

The parents of Helen became restless when they saw the intimacy had existed between her and Oliver, and wished him a thousand miles from La Sarras. Their importations with Dr Aspelin had come too far to recall, and they could not tell how to effect the amicable station of the Lady of Heaven. They made Dr Aspelin acquainted with their fears, and entreated him to leave La Sarras, he did so, and was welcomed to their house as their future son-in-law.

It was curious to see the first meeting between Oliver and his rival, for they affected not to have met before. Helen was not only cold in her manner towards him, but treated him with contempt, and an oath notwithstanding his attentions and reproaches of her parents. Dr Aspelin was at every time treated little for the scornful and refractory behaviour of his future bride, he told her parents that when the marriage ceremony had passed over she would change. This being their opinion likewise, they were not obstinate as she was persuaded, but notwithstanding her reluctance to leave home, she submitted, and was formally betrothed to Dr Aspelin, and as his bride cited, had to receive, as was the custom, the congratulations of her friends and relations.

Oliver appeared the greatest sufferer; he seems to receive every thing to save for from as cruel a fate, he even made up his mind to die rather than he should not believe how this hated marriage by fate. He told her that he would get Dr Aspelin out of the way himself, or by carrying on his affairs of sad quarrel.

The concerted loss on a manner that surprised him for she said in a quiet gentle tone, that it was not worth while. Fortune, she observed, has her whims, and in a short while that was, you might receive the death you intended for him.

He certainly had more reason than ever to be surprised, for since the day of betrothment, a change had taken place, observable by all, and perceived by her parents with pleasure. She was not more tender to her lover than before, but she treated the addresses of her attendant, and accepted the most costly presents from the bridegroom. He was only too happy if a return for his gifts was made in compliments, he was allowed to kiss the tips of her fingers. She would not listen to the preparations for the wedding without a shudder, and appeared to nothing except haste. She postponed the day from time to time, which fix for the wedding, and appeared to be almost unconscious to his caste were not quite completed.

Oliver cursed all women kind, for he never dreamed that a girl of Helen's character, or by entering an whose nature in so short a time. La Sarras had no attraction, and he only remained a few days longer to please his parents. He view to Helen was at an end, for he was no longer received by her parents with pleasure, and although she still showed the most friendliness of manner towards him, yet this gave him more uneasiness than joy.

CHAPTER X.

His surprise, therefore, was very great, when Helen one day drew him aside, and begged him to meet her that evening in the little garden behind the house precisely at nine o'clock.

Whatever might have been his feelings toward her, he did not appear to be on the speak of appointment hour. Helen soon appeared, and leading him to an arbour, took his hand lovingly.—Dear Oliver, you have often seem to suspect that I am not true to my promise."

"And I shall keep my oath, Helen—by me, at your command I will leap into the very jaws of death!"

"Well, then, Oliver, I have tell you that I never intend to be the wife of Dr Aspelin."

"Why, then," said Oliver in surprise, "why did you suffer yourself to be betrothed to him?"

"Let us not speak of that now, but listen. My parents are cautioning me without pity in a man I hate, and all that we succeed of wealth which I dispose. I have now no persons, and am alone in the world, and am not sit for myself. The marriage with Dr Aspelin is postponed, and if I remain unbetrothed, to-morrow I intend to leave La Sarras forever. I have fix'ed to France who will receive me, and where I have friends which more to my own disposal, were transported to their care more than a week ago—will you accompany me?"

Astonished at Oliver was, he gave to his willing assent, and she shed tears of joy at his readiness to be of some service to her. He begged him to send one of his servants in advance with a bid horse for her. He followed her directions in all things, and left Helen to his parents by letter, under pretence of wishing to spare himself and them the pain of saying farewell, and then, having sent on his luggage by the ground, he rode for and to the place appointed. Here he found his servant with the horse for Helen, and exactly at ten o'clock he was at the gate of La Sarras where he was joined by Helen. She was dressed as a groom, and then assisting her on the horse they went off at a rapid pace.

At the break of day they found the new in attendance as he had directed, with fresh horses, they mounted in haste and proceeded as rapidly as before. Towards evening they reached a narrow alley, Oliver would have preferred going on still further, but Helen found herself so fatigued, that it was impossible to proceed. They were obliged to carry her into the house, and as soon as she had partaken of supper retired to her chamber which was on the ground floor.

As to Oliver he also was very much fatigued, for he had passed two sleepless nights, so after giving strict orders to be in readiness to depart at day break, he threw himself on the bed without taking off his clothes, and placing his pistols and sword near him, he was soon in a deep sleep.

At the first dawn of day he was called up by his servant, and finding that the horses had been fed and were ready to start, he went himself to Helen's chamber and knocked at the door. As there was no answer he knocked again and again, calling her first, but to his surprise and alarm he heard no sound. The people of the house heard that the young gentleman, he called Helen, was not to be in speak, and Oliver himself began to have the same fears. He therefore burst open the door, and to his dismay found the room empty. The bed had not appeared once of some one's having lain down on the coverlid, but there was no trace of dress or any thing belonging to Helen. Oliver was now fairly alarmed, but it was impossible to conjecture what had become of her, or whether she had gone, through which of her many doubtless friends she had left the house.

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Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, August 5, 1843.

L. S. Heavenyn, of Vicksburg, Miss., is no longer agent for The United States Saturday Post, Graham's Magazine, and The Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $3, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, gratis.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $3 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is the candid opinion of the writer of this gossip, that John Quincy Adams ought to be ashamed of himself; and so ought every man who defers until the age of threescore and ten a visit to Niagara; while he does not forget to run all over Europe. It is a characteristic of the American people that, despite of all their professions of patriotism and love of country, they are more ambitious of obtaining knowledge of the history, geography and manners of the old world than of the new; and that we find foreign tourists better acquainted, and more in love with the remarkable scenery of this country than Americans are. Men of wealth choose to travel in Europe, and to send their children there, while they are totally unacquainted by observation with American scenery upon which any travelled foreign penny-a-liner can dilate by the hour. These things ought not so to be. It is the duty of American citizens to know their own land; and no description, and no chart, can convey to the seeker half so much as he may learn in a journey, however hurried. We find no disinclination to travelling merely as travelling among Americans. From one great commercial point to another, and, at certain seasons, to the watering places, they are on the wing by thousands. But these annual journies run in the same beaten tracks, and the journey is looked upon merely as the necessary something to be endured between the points of departure and of arrival. However, we believe that customs in this respect have been mending within the few last years.

Every body who can leave the city for recreation is now gone. Probably the number of ...

The Farmer.

SMALL FARMS.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

PROBABLE PIRACY.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

AN ABOMINABLE TRICK.

ESPIONAGE.

WORTH A TRIAL.

A CRUEL CASE.

FROM TEXAS.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

AN INDUSTRIOUS ROGUE.

A CAUTION.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

CROTON WATER.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

EXTRAVAGANT AMUSEMENT.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

MORE TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

AN INVITATION.

FRANKLIN AS A SPEAKER.

RAILROAD TO BOSTON.

A WESTERN DAM.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

FLOATING TAVERNS.

A GOOD MOVE.

DARING ROBBERY.

LUNATICS.

CHRISTINA COCHRAN.

THE STATE PRISON MURDER.

CAMP MEETING.

ANOTHER COMET.

FATHER MATHEW.

LOWELL.

A CONSUMMATE VILLAIN.

EX-CHANCELLOR KENT.

BURNING FORESTS.

PROFITABLE FARMING.

A DECREASE.

CONVICT LABOR.

IMPORTANT FROM HAYTI.

THE LAST TRICK.

IRON STEAMBOATS.

GIRLS, DO YOU HEAR THIS?

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A BAD BEGINNING.

ELECTIONS.

THE CHINESE ENVOY.

THE BOOK TRADE.

GOING OUT.

A DISCOVERY.

A TEMPERANCE SHIP.

General News.

Local Intelligence.

Educational.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.50 is always to be so understood.

Postmasters are requested to forward their names as soon as they receive the first number of the "Post" of each month, and to remit quarterly. Subscribers will not be taken from the Post-office unless the arrearages are paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, unless notice be given by the end of the following month.

Small Bank Notes of solvent New England banks received in payment for new subs.

Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They are also requested to write their names and residences plainly. Those who have not been regularly supplied, or in advance, will be entitled to arrears copies.

Postmasters should always state the Post-office, County and State, or mail matter to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, and the new publishing arrangements:

TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion:

☞ We have now received the names of the Agents for the following cities:

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Hanson street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by James Hooker, Esq. S. M. Pettengill, C. F. Commings, J. E. Hempstead and J. N. Deal.

SAMUEL A. STEVENSON, appointed by James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson, for Kentucky.

HOWARD LEWIS is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, &c.

ISRAEL L. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, assisted Timothy Green, and Judge Magruder.

WM. A. FIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

ISAAC T. EASTON is collecting for us in Massachusetts, and parts of Vermont and Maine.

ELEAZER LORD, of Saratoga, Agent, to help collected in others, new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Saratoga.

Notices of New Works.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for August, Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co. The old correspondents of Diedrich keep up its old character. If always remains as of a pleasant and refined companionship of gentleman, young in feelings, and always hilarious with its readers which no young Mags would dare to do, albeit pleasant Diedrich, "the last of the Corsepo dence." "The Polygon Papers," and other running heads, have become by repetition a part of the order of the Magazine. Nevertheless, they are not all good, we do not object. This sort of "conservative policy" in getting up a magazine, is a veiled sound that experience will not find in other periodicals.

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But that is the sort of the story they tell
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THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for August has been out early for one month, and is a very superior even to the July number, both in contents and embellishments—the latter of which consist of a view of Chelsea Church, and a portrait of Lord John L. Dirk; a plate of fashions which is quite a novelty, being printed in blue, and a most superb and pleasant one, with a bridal, both in dress and the style of nature, under the superintendence of Mrs. Hill of Philadelphia, a celebrated teacher of painting in water-colors. Nothing equal to this embellishment has yet appeared in any magazine. Mr. Petersen's book is a model for publishers. From this month it is enriched by two of late evidences the title page, in the centre of which is placed an emblematic vignette. The literary contents are excellent. Mrs. Seybert contributes "Anna Taylor," a thrilling story whose conclusion we anxiously await. There is a dash at "old Northerns" by a new contributor, which is a good one by Miss Mary Dunscomb, one of the most popular of female writers. Besides these, there are articles in tales and poetry by the best writers of country. The press speak of it in high terms.

☞ The August number of this valuable and useful work has already been noticed by us, and a hearty perusal of its richly adorned pages, we feel confident that it fully realizes that merit which has been awarded it by the newspaper press throughout the States. What may we not anticipate from the future improvement made in the work has been appreciated to a right extent, for it has already become the "most revised and beautified of the month."—Dem. Review, Aug. 1842.

☞ Mr. Peterson appears determined to render his periodical attractive and successful. The August number is beautifully embellished with two very superior colored fashion plates, and a number of other handsome engravings. The literary contents are also very well written. The leading article is by Mrs. Stephens.—Inquirer, Philadelphia.

THE MILITARY HISTORY OF EUROPE during the FRENCH REVOLUTION, No. 12. Harper & Brothers, This number contains a spirited account of the invasion of the Moscow campaign, at which crucial hour the star of Napoleon, so long ascendant, began to decline towards the zenith of its glory. It is said that Alison has views on this campaign which are directly opposed to the popular ones. He contends that it was not so much a cold as a hot winter, and that the numbers of the Russian light horse, continually hovering in the rear, which ruined the grand army. The tenant, on the part of the French, was left to starve or die, with an interval of miles between each, consequently the Cossacks could be concentrated on one portion, and cut off the French in detail. Even the Napoleon established magazines along the line of his march, on his advance to Moscow, he might have been able to have secured a passage home in spite of the clouds of light horse; but, failing to do this, says Alison, he left it a matter of impossibility for the Russian army less in no men by exposure than the French; and this might have been expected; for the cheerfulness and temperance of the one, and the intemperance of heat and cold hotter than the denizens of tropical or frigid zones. The whole narrative of the Moscow campaign is full of interest, and one of the most brilliant verbal pictures we remember to have read. The work may be had in this city of Tonker & Co., Chestnut St. Perrine, and Grigg & Elliot.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, on the EPISTLE to the HEBREWS. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves. Perhaps no commentator has been so successful in blending information for the general reader, and interest for the student of the Bible, as Barnes: and none has more skillfully carried historical and purely literary exercises with practical suggestions. Particularly in the book of Job which we have had several others, c. Isaiah, on the Gospels, and other portions of sacred writ: all of which have been widely purchased, and read with great profit. Job in particular, have had a rule equal to any work of the kind in the language. Such a rule is not always we know, a proof of merit, but it is the most universal of general approval has been worthily bestowed. The announcement of a commentary on the Hebrews by Mr. Barnes, is sufficient to assure universal inquiry for it.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of GEOGRAPHY, Part 12. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. The publication of this work in numbers is now one half completed. With the additions on American subjects by Thomas Bradford, it is one of the most complete and valuable works extant; its itinerative engravings adding much to its usefulness.

CAMPBELL'S PRESENT MONTHLY.—The August number of this work is embellished with two mezzotints, one a beautiful cottage scene, "The Wish," the other an elegantly finished portrait of Lord Brougham. Its contents cover 144 pages, and we are informed by the publisher that this is to be the usual quantity in future; but that the work will be issued twice per month, instead of monthly as heretofore—which intermediate issue every sixty days. Among the articles in the present number we find a paper from the United Service Journal, "Historical Reminiscences of Waterloo," which we have translated by the author, five engraving of a flying ship, which looks so much like flying as Mr. Hamond's. This number concludes the first year and the publisher offers a charming picture. In the page of the Museum we have articles from the British Critic, Bentley's Miscellany, Fraser's, Tait's, and the New Monthly Magazine, the United Service, Asiatic, and Chambers' Journals, the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, the American Spectator, the Observer, and other leading periodicals of standard merit. The shorter miscellany is abundant, and all the details of the number are well executed.

PRODUCTIVE FARMING; or a Familiar Digest of the recent Discoveries in Vegetable Chemistry. By Joseph R. Chandler. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot. This work appears in two editions, the cheaper in flexible covers for transmission my mail, a fact which will greatly enhance its usefulness. It is an attempt to present in popular language the discoveries of Liebig, Johnstone, Dana and others, on the application of chemistry to the art of agriculture, and we know does not permit them to pursue more elaborate studies, the practical benefit of recent professional researches cannot be had but if only to a composition for the other works.

THE BOYHOOD OF LORD ERSKINE, or Answers to Moral Enquiry, Query, and Meaningless. By the Reviewer Cooper. Comprehension: H. & E. Phillips. Philadelphia: W. H. Graham. This is a new publication of pages, called out by remarks made in Mr. Cooper's Naval History, and upon his biography of Gen. Percy, in Graham's Magazine. It is somewhat singular that a publication of this character should be issued at all, and they are thousands, who are willing to exercise both sides upon the vaunted question of Gen. Percy's conduct on the battle of Lake Erie; if not Commodore Perry." "The Polygon Papers," and other running heads, have become by repetition a part of the order of the Magazine. Nevertheless, they are not all good, we do not object. This sort of "conservative policy" in getting up a magazine, is a veiled sound that experience will not find in other periodicals.

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WASHINGTON.—We learn from the last annual communication of the Mayor of the city of Washington to the Board of Aldermen and Board of Common Council, that the total value of real and personal property within that city in August, 1842, was $8,713,853. The amount is exclusive of the value of the property of the United States within the city, which is estimated at about $6,000 000 more.

PETERSEN.—The Elmira, N. Y., Gazette states that in Southport, a few days since, a wedding party of twenty-five persons, had their liver put in peril, in consequence of eating a wedding cake, covered with sugar candy, which appears to have been made of a new article, called French green, containing arsenic of copper, a confectionary highly poisonous.

☞ The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, says there are two millions of dollars paid annually for stockings, and notices a stocking manufactory at the Quarries in the Orange Mountains, where 5000,000 per annum of coarse hose, and by machinery so constructed that one man can perform as much as eight on the common plan.

☞ On the night of Friday last, a fire occurred at Port Deposite, Md., which resulted in destroying the Methodist parsonage, the dwelling of Mr. Hall Reynolds and carpenter's shop, and dwelling of Mr. Stone, who lost nearly all his household effects. The estimated loss is supposed to be about $5000. No insurance.

☞ True Bills have been found at New Orleans against Jno. M. Botts—Isaac and Rudolph Hollo—for stealing and altering the cancelled treasury notes. The jury ignored the bills against Isaiah Wiggins and Joseph G. Jewell. They will be detained as witnesses.

☞ The flag designed for the China mission was manufactured out of American silk, by Mr. Smith, St. Clairsville, Ohio. It is 156 feet in length, stripes, crimson and white, 15 inches wide, the union 8 feet by 8 feet long, 3 feet 9 inches wide, of a beautiful blue.

☞ We see it stated in a recent number of the Pittsburg Advocate, that the city of that town has a Washington county, and it has at least 800 000 pounds worth $150 000. Some factories, it is stated, have entered for this year's fleece as high as $1000.

☞ The Dahlia Society near Waterville, Me., says the Blade of that town, recently discussed the following important question:—Does lightning kill Dahlias, or is it fleet of?

☞ The growing of Wool has so much increased in the northern part of Missouri, that the erection of steam mills in that quarter, for the purpose of carding, has commenced.

☞ Out of forty-four persons, who receive pensions from Government, whose names began with B, there are seven by the name of Smith, and four John Smiths.

☞ The drought has been so severe in the Connecticut Valley, that the farmers have been obliged to feed out hay to their cattle, there being no grass in the fields.

☞ The English government are talking of completing a Railroad from Calcutta to Delhi, 680 miles, which will convey troops rapidly to revolting provinces.

☞ About 161 persons, of above 100 years of age, die yearly in France.

Correspondence.

FUN DOWN EAST.

Jack Lounger's Letter from Newport.

TO THE EDITOR.

Here you are dear Editor for sailing! Never! upon my word, you're no notion, then, of what fishing is and I'd advise you, as you hope for good report among your fellow men to avoid these fishing parties in the next land, and take no rest, day nor night, till you have caught a tasting for breakfast. Talk of your perch fishing in the Delaware—you've never fished for three hours in Salem Creek and did not as much as get a bite, except from three infernal mosquitoes that were so much the more determined to favor myself or get a hand—though I say it that I should'nt say it, for, at least Philip's favorite plaything, a squeteague, you find a noble fellow at the bait, and with a dexterous pull, you have him on board, ready to be knocked headed or bolted as you choose, and a feast for the gods either way? Then there's snap, which you may catch by the cart load. Come along, sir, and let us show you where fishing is fishing.

Here we are at the pier. Astrolde a and load that, sir, as ever floated. See belongs above and they call the Lemon, and all of call to sail into the deep and the wind she's the sheerest. Why, sir, she can run around your commom boats like a greyhound. Here she goes—load in that fellow's hand—bring her close to, sir, as is nice for Boys' and Girls' Magazine for August. Better publications of the kind there are than those.

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.—This ninth moving book, by Judge Haliburton, has been republished in a cheap form by Messrs. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. It is one of those entertaining books which is placed on the table of every family, and which will be found an admirable labor-saver to many orders for rare books.

MORNIN GRANNA, or, The Cruise of the Sea Ship of the Old Dominion, a new story by Ingraham, just received by Van Vort.

☞ Colon continues the prompt publication in this city, of the Mirror, Horse, and other highly esteemed periodicals.

Miscellaneous News

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS.—The N. O. Tropic has been favored with the following extract from a letter addressed to a gentleman of that city, dated at Bayou Fort, near Fort Towson, July 2, 1842:—The wild Indians have again commenced plundering and murdering. A settlement, thirty miles from this place, was attacked last week, a number of horses stolen and one man shot—a party of troops sent to-day for the purpose of pursuit. Mr. Boyland, a resident of Texas "Anna Taylor," a thrilling story whose conclusion we anxiously await. There is a dash at "old Northerns" by a new contributor, which is a good one by Miss Mary Dunscomb, one of the most popular of female writers. Besides these, there are articles in tales and poetry by the best writers of country. The press speak of it in high terms.

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For oh! the needs I'm very sure,
You never did see such fending!
For the beef is tame, and the meat is raw,
And all from moral-tending.

The bed-room's very like a sty,
And the kitchen worse a midden,
The top-dressing into parlors is decided by
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But I'm always in search of a quiet wife,
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Gems from the Poets.

THE PENITENT.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Within a dark monastic cell
A monk, of a severer rule than most,
Poured on his lyre war-songs that stirred his breast,
And light airs of young betrothed delight.

Upon the cross beneath his hand
Were fixed a small and votive sword,
And he oftenn eyes the sacred weapon
From the dim cell's accustomed place of rest.

"There comes a Thought at night and day,
And bids me dream of deeds of war,
A Thought that's more than Thought, a sight
On which the sun has never shone.

"A mile over foes, and succour fly,
Increase it to a warrior's fame;
It quotes a warning worn-out star,
That soon was bright with sweeping grace.

"An icy vision, calm, and cold,
The spirit of vanished years it seems;
It brings to me the dress of old,
The look like, but that was me, demons.

"It brings back sorrows long gone by,
And feels of buried wrongs with tears,
Vows felt away like leaves, and done—
And Life's here busy scene appears.

"Dark fate! Thou art not all a shade
That flees' hair binds me to;
The blood, that once in passion played,
Through my young veins bright hath begun to flow.

"Now changed and withered all!" My sight
Recoil from having looked on it;
And and before my saddening eyes
There shimmers the form of my penance.

"Still prayers are strong, and God is good;
Who else could make the endless death
Decay flee at my soul's consecrated mood
Blow it to heavy mist and air?

"Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The graves to which the Past is laid;
And Hope, from out their fragrant bowers,
Sees Come lights up thy ghostly shade.

"Around us fast the shapes of fear,
Whose eyes my weaker heart espied,
Vanish like mists of the night,
With even that hold for mercy cell.

"Thee, God, with love! The grasp are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy;
And all that Life has of reverence sent,
When thou commandest, work for joy.

Selected Articles.

FASHIONS.

It is said that hoops are beginning to be worn by the pioneers of fashion among the ladies in Boston and New York. There is indeed but one of any thing this creation of our grandmothers should not be revived. When it comes, like almost every other ancient fashion, and that in the inconvenience something in. Still there is a limit to the circumference we see where a *maximum* of fun is commenced; and so in this case, the main objection arises from the manner in which a lady is barricaded, and, as it were, fenced within from all conversation, by those appendages. Shall we be ridiculed? well, if it seems be clearly felt by the men. We expect, therefore, that the ladies in style will be able to carry their point in this resurrection; and that women, who, as every body knows, are very cruel to their own sex, disregard of the comfort or fancies of men, will soon be regularly hooped for all to see and admire the beauties of the fashion.

There is another custom, which, as originally retemporary with hoops, may possibly return to vogue in their train. The fashion of powdering the hair has had, once at least, (some writers say *always*,) a long and troubled reign, and in spite of the ridicule with which the unsophisticated profaners of the present generation would probably greet its reappearance, it may not be unlikely to be revived. Bands, red heads, and grey heads will bestow to order under its influence, and the kingdom of hair powder may be re-established before the opposition of natural ringlets and unencompromisable locks can be organized to resist its extension.

Regarding these topics with the eye of a political economist, we have nothing to say at present with respect to hoops. They may tend to raise the price of that species of timber from which hoops are constructed, and thus affect the profits of their farmers and packers of pork, but the additional employment furnished to coopers may be supposed to counteract loses this disadvantage, so far as the prosperity of the whole community is concerned. But we have no objection to offer in relation to hair powder, which, if not seriously alarming at the present period of agricultural stringency, might become at a time when a failure of crops should produce a pressure for food among the poor.

The use of hair powder is said to have taken its rise as early as the year 1795, and it had reached its height in 1795, when it began to be taxed as an important source of revenue to the government.

Though somewhat divided in sentiment on the question whether hair powder should be abandoned or plaited or mustered a source of public income, the ministry of the British found agreed upon the way of it passes a hard for this history. It was calculated that even a mere dollar (in stamps) for each one thousand persons would continue its use. Mr. Pitt, on presenting the financial budget, made a speech in support of the benefits to, and obligations upon the necessity. The measure was not adopted without serious and almost pathetic opposition. Its assessment, we believe, was successfully proposed, to exempt from the tax all clergymen whose income did not amount to £100, all existence officers, and officers in the Navy under the rank of *master*, and all *children*, and *all the daughters except two in large families*. In spite of this heavy opposition it appeared from the estimates that the quantity of flour used daily by hair dressers and in private families would, if taxed this level, be sufficient to supply the *maize* or army of an hundred and fifty thousand men.

If then, (Great Britain, where the fashions are chiefly confined to wealthy classes, so great a waste of the staff of life was occasioned by the custom, what might we expect from its prevalence in our country, where every man, woman and child wishes to imitate the fashion or fellow of the rich? Instead of five hundred thousand persons, we should probably have to count five millions, if the practice is fairly introduced into this.

A pound per week was the usual allowance to each head when the British soldiers were obliged to appear on parade with their hair elaborately dressed with flour. Between the labors of the troops for hair pursuits, and powder for every body's head, it is easy to conceive a state of things when the destruction of hoop poles and flour would cause their fashion to be a matter of detriment to the public interest.—*Worcester Ægis.*

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The Lynchburg Republican has the following notice of an interesting incident which occurred in connection with the recent annual commencement of Washington College, at Kexington:

"On the afternoon of Commencement day, the Alumni of the college met, and elected Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, N. J. The venerable and excellent Divine is the oldest Alumnus of the College living, and must age, as has old year, to increase the deep interest in him. Great interest was imparted to the occasion by the fact that the old gentleman was amongst his native hills, breathing his native air, and surrounded by natural scenery and festivity, that he had crowned by his a patriarch, and loved him as a brother and father. His address which was the only subject of Education, was full of simplicity and wisdom. It represented the student as the child of Nature at the dawning life of observation, and what is more, of deep experience in teaching. He looked with a pensive eye upon many of the novelties in our system of Education, and warned them to consider seriously, even at the old paths, and walk ye therein."

After having delivered an interesting essay—one though more than half of his speech, in consequence of the aggravated heat and lack of air of the room—he proceeded to rest for a while. He shortly resumed his discourse; but was compelled again to take his seat, when he was convulsed. The scene now became one of deep and thrilling interest. All feared a serious, if not fatal result. Every heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. However, on being removed from the house into the open air and shade, he soon revived, and, rising from the grave, he insisted on returning to the church and concluding his address. The congregation assembled, but he had not proceeded far before the pallidness of death stole over his face, and he was again carried forth apparently lifeless. Again he was speedily resuscitated, and again he expressed his desire and determination to proceed with his address; but could the patience and fortitude of his friends turn him from his purpose. He did not, however, return to the church, but seated on a chair in the yard of that venerable edifice, he, for several hours, and to the evening close, while they stood around him listening to his words well- silent and breathless interest. The portion of the discourse which he delivered on this occasion was concluded, was a glowing eulogy upon the late Mr. Graham, the founder of the College—a person to whom it would seem the College and the State owe much. In concluding his remarks, in the piece of grass, he referred to the fact of his being the oldest of the Alumni, and that soon none of those who were then surrounding him would occupy his place. He was soon to pass away, and they in their youth would be the last. He solemnly committed them to pay their trust in God, to shape the future of course their lives, and with his eyes fixed upon the heavens, he closed his address with the prayer that he might meet them all in Heaven. It was a solemn, heavenly scene! A place where he was then found to be, it is good to be there. The venerable Father in Israel from amongst the tombs of departed generations, and in the very spot and his dying counsel—it had been received into eager ears and understanding, and we are waiting to hear from his lips the words of rest of old. Now behold then the very spot selected! The place! The place was Broken; but they surveyed 'most of all for the words which he spoke that they should see his face no more."

THE FIERY GRAY HAIR.—A gray hair was espied among the curled locks of a fair friend of ours a few days since. "Oh gray pair is not," said she, "a beautiful. "If I pull it out she will come to the funeral." replied her lady who had made the remarkable discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark headed damsel, "it is no sort of consequence how many come if they only come in black."

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune in addressing that paper with a series of original letters entitled "Hieroglyphics on Horses." In one of these "hieroglyphics," we find the following domestic picture of domestic felicity, which the writer witnessed while at Galena:

The husband was the principal subject of our story—he had with horrid wisdom, and other than the face of a dove—a bright blue eye, and a fine forehead. The dawning intellect of a member so plenty as another, might be seen in the curl of the nostrils, and the lip. At one of these features in the evening of my visit, he witnessed what appeared to me to be one of the most extraordinary scenes which this world of ours ever looked. The walls of the houses were white as "unsullied snow;" the one in question was the interior, which was of the smooth and glossy substance, and was of the most delicate white, as the purity of a colonnade. A large antique tree threw its lofty branches over the roof of the house, and the leaves rattled on the wall in front. The red sunset between chinks, with their sweet odor, which might be seen in the distance, the waters, in the clean, well arranged parlor, and a bird of many colors, was singing from its cage, and the whole was wrapped in the dear calm.

To the right of the door, on a venerable looking couch reclining their cigars, who, like John Anderson and his "good" wife, were "growing old together." Between them, on a stool, a merry looking lad, played with a small dog, and a cat. To the left sat a young woman dressed in white, with strongly marked features, and a beautiful hair chastened in ringlets down her neck of shimmer whiteness—

"Her large dark eye showed deep passion's force,
Though mirror like it bore none."

She sang, in a partially suppressed tone, a Spanish ballad, which, from the occasional glances which her finely tapered fingers, the strings of a guitar, fly her and made to the words, was, I suppose, wielded with the melody of the lady-love, for such she seemed to be.

Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem.
Of course I could not understand the inflection
Of their enchanting glances of love.

An old lady sat near, toward the rear of the room. He would have got trapped up by the rose of the Sharon, because of one of the most distinguished names at heart, ran from his grandsire, and conducted the poor negro up to the door.

The whole scene—its statement and colorings—perhaps was so sweet, so pure, love, and contentment, that may thing we had to live ever seen.

"And we said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

SAM SLICK'S ACCOUNT OF AN Aristocratic Dinner in England.

Well! there is dinner. Our service of plate is like another dinner of servants, both in look and taste are like another dozen of servants, both in look and taste are like another dozen of servants, both in look and taste are like another dozen